

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 616.]

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.]



ROTTERDAM.

ROTTERDAM is a place of sterling interest to the English reader. Its imports of hardware, cotton, and woollens from our flourishing seats of manufacture, are extensive; and its commercial industry is untiring; but, apart from this gratifying recognition, Rotterdam is remembered in literary history as the birthplace of Erasmus, and the residence of Bayle.

Rotterdam is situate in Lat. $51^{\circ} 55\frac{1}{2}'$ N. Lon. $4^{\circ} 29\frac{1}{2}'$ E. near the mouth of the Maese, in South Holland. It ranks next after Amsterdam in extent, wealth, and enterprise, and has been accustomed to hold the first place in the assembly of the states among the smaller cities. It is of triangular form, the longest side extending a mile and a half in the direction of the river. On the land side it is surrounded by a moat, but has no wall. The Rotte, which here unites with the Maese, and from which the town takes its name, enters it from the north; but during its course through the city, is divided into two channels, supplying numberless canals, which abound here more than in any other place throughout

the country. Some of these canals are so large as to admit vessels of considerable burthen to land their cargoes at the warehouses of the merchants. Many of them are also margined with trees; and, as the ebbing and flowing of the tide twice a day prevents the stagnation of their water, they become a source of pleasing recreation to the inhabitants. Over some of the canals are drawbridges; but over others, the bridges are permanent, except for the breadth of three feet in the centre of the arch, where there is a plank opening upon hinges, in order to afford a passage for the masts of small vessels.

"The houses are built of small bricks, in a peculiar style of architecture. They are very lofty, and, in many, the higher stories project over those beneath, so as to place the upper part of the building several feet out of the perpendicular. In their interior accommodations they are convenient rather than elegant. The windows are much larger than what is usual either in France or England. Some have mirrors attached to them; in such

a manner that the person inside can see at his ease whatever occurs in the street, in both directions. In many houses the ground floor is not inhabited, but merely serves, with its gate and arched passage, for an entrance to the warehouses. The streets are generally long and narrow, and some of them so similar in appearance as often to mislead the stranger. The Boortjes, corruptly called Boom-quay, is the finest. It extends along the Maese, and thus commands a pleasing prospect over that river. The small house in which the celebrated Bayle resided, while he held the professorship of philosophy and history here, is situated in this street, and is still pointed out to strangers.

"The public buildings are remarkable neither for number nor elegance. The Stadthouse is an old fashioned brick edifice; the Exchange, an oblong, with a covered walk on each side. The cathedral of St. Laurence contains an exquisitely wrought screen of brass, by which the choir is separated from the rest of the church. Its summit also commands an extensive prospect, exhibiting the Hague, Leyden, and Dort, in different directions. This cathedral contains the monument of admiral De Witt. Rotterdam enjoys the advantages of a public library, a cabinet of antiquities, and one of natural history: an academy of sciences was also founded here, in 1771."

The celebrated statue of Erasmus is placed in a conspicuous situation on one of the canals. An engraving of this memorial, as well as of the house in which Erasmus was born, has already appeared in our Miscellany. (Vol. vii. page 385.)

"This town also gave birth to the celebrated Vanderwerfe, whose works were so highly esteemed by the elector palatine, that he conferred on him the honour of knighthood, ennobled his descendants, and accompanied these marks of favour by the more solid testimony of a liberal pension and several valuable presents. This painter excelled in historical subjects. His brother, Peter Vanderwerfe, who distinguished himself as a painter of portraits, was born near this city."

The vicinity of Rotterdam, though flat, is thickly studded with villas, with gardens and pleasure-grounds. On many of the entrances are inscribed characteristic mottoes; as "Hope and repose,"—"The Abode of Peace,"—"Peace is my garden,"—"Consider those beneath you."

"As a commercial emporium, Rotterdam enjoys several advantages. The navigation of the Maese brings to it an extended inland traffic. The ice breaks up earlier in spring than at Amsterdam, and a single tide wafts a vessel from its quays to the main sea; whereas the navigation of the Zuyder Zee to the Texel is intricate and tedious. In antiquity it may also claim superiority over

the last-named city. It was a privileged town, secured by fortifications, so early as the thirteenth century. Its prosperity progressively increased from that period, till the invasion by France in 1795. During its connexion with that power, so great and so rapid was its decline, that while in 1802 its number of ships amounted to 1,786, in 1808 it had sunk to 65, and in the subsequent years its trade was utterly extinct. On the restoration of general peace in 1814, its shipping interest sprung up again with wonderful energy, inasmuch that the number of vessels in 1817 nearly equalled that in 1802.

"Its commercial transactions are chiefly with the north of Europe; by much the greater proportion of its tonnage being engaged in transporting the bulky productions of the Baltic, corn, timber, flax, and hemp. The peculiar commerce of the town may be said to be madder, geneva, and refined sugar.*

CHERRIES.

CHERRIES were first planted in Britain one hundred years before Christ; and afterwards brought from Flanders, and planted in Kent, with such success, that an orchard of thirty-two acres produced, in the year 1540, 1,000*l*. Miller has enumerated a great variety; but since his time, their culture has much increased.

"Cherries (says Sturm) are a fruit which, from their sweetness mixed with a pleasing acidity, quench the thirst, allay the fever of the blood in the heat of summer, and prevent the bad humours to which we are but too liable at this season. In the first place, they quench the thirst by their sharpness, which contracts the glands, cools the parched tongue, and moistens the dry palate. This method of appeasing the thirst in hot weather is much to be preferred to all those drinks with which we fill ourselves, and only the more increase our heat and perspiration. But, besides the cherries quenching our thirst in the most pleasing way, they have a cooling quality, which tempers the heat of the blood, calms the animal spirits, of which the too great impetuosity and agitation affect and weaken the nerves. Thus the wholesome juice of the cherries, their acidity, and their astringent virtue, cool us delightfully in the great heats, prevent the blood from being too thick, thin the fluids, and keep them from corrupting."

Peacham, author of the *Complete Gentleman*, published in the reign of James I., who was reduced to poverty in his old age, and chiefly subsisted by writing little penny books for children, says: "July I would have drawn in a jacket of light yellow, eating cherries, with his face and bosom sun-burnt."

* Abridged, in the main, from the Cabinet Cyclopaedia, vol. vii.

Sir Hugh Platt, in his *Garden of Eden*, relates the following curious anecdote of a cherry-tree:—"Sir Francis Carew, on Queen Elizabeth's visit to him at Beddington, in Surrey, led her Majesty to a cherry-tree, whose fruit he had of purpose kept back from ripening, at the least, one month after all cherries had taken their farewell of England. This secret he performed by straining a tent, or cover of canvass, over the whole tree, and wetting the same now and then with a scoop or horn, as the heat of the weather required; and so by withholding the sunbeams from reflecting upon the berries, they grew both great and were very long before they had gotten their perfect cherry-colour; and when he was assured of her Majesty's coming, he removed the tent, and a few sunny days brought them to their full maturity."

P. T. W.

Anecdote Gallery.

TALES OF THE TOMB.

CAN any of our readers offer a satisfactory solution of the following horrible phenomena, which we extract from Captain Alexander's recent very entertaining *Transatlantic Sketches*? and which we think unique in the order of the hideous:—

"It is not generally known, that in Barbadoes there is a mysterious vault, in which no one now dares to deposit the dead: it is in a churchyard near the sea-side. In 1807, the first coffin that was deposited in it, was that of a Mrs. Goddard; in 1808, a Miss A. M. Chase was placed in it; and in 1812, Miss D. Chase. In the end of 1812, the vault was opened for the body of the Hon. T. Chase; but the three first coffins were found in a confused state, having been apparently tossed from their places. Again was the vault opened, to receive the body of an infant, and the four coffins, all of lead, and very heavy, were (found) much disturbed. In 1816, a Mr. Brewster's body was placed in the vault, and again great disorder was apparent among the coffins. In 1819, a Mr. Clarke was placed in the vault; and, as before, the coffins were in confusion.

Each time that the vault was opened, the coffins were replaced in their proper situations: that is, three on the ground, side by side, and the others laid on them. The vault was then regularly closed; the door, (a massive stone, which required six or seven men to move), was cemented by masons; and though the floor was of sand, there were no marks of footsteps, or water.

The last time the vault was opened was in 1819. Lord Combermere was then present; and the coffins were found thrown confusedly about the vault—some with the heads down, and others up. What could have occasioned

this phenomenon? In no other vault on the island has this ever occurred. Was it an earthquake which occasioned it, or the effects of an inundation in the vault?

In England there was a parallel occurrence to this, some years ago, at Haunton, in Suffolk. It is stated, that on opening a vault there, several leaden coffins, with wooden cases, which had been fixed on biers, were found displaced, to the great consternation of the villagers. The coffins were again placed as before, and the vault properly closed, when again another of the family dying, they were a second time found displaced; and two years after that, they were not only found all off their biers, but one coffin, (so heavy as to require eight men to raise it,) was found on the fourth step, which led down to the vaults; and it seemed perfectly certain, that no human hand had done this.

As yet, no one has satisfactorily accounted for the Barbadoes or the Haunton wonder.

PIANO-FORTE MAKING.

CERTAIN of the industrious classes are apt, without consideration, to grumble and murmur at the luxuries of the wealthy, which, in reality, are the means that find bread, and employment for thousands. Amongst expensive luxuries—which may now, indeed, considering the universal cultivation of music, be ranked as necessities—piano-fortes cannot fail to be enumerated; and the fact that Broadwood alone makes, on an average, 700 per week (!)—as one of his workmen informed a member of the writer's family—will prove the astonishing number of various artisans which this branch of business only employs and supports. But, it will be naturally asked, how does he find a sale for so many? The answer of Mr. B. to this question, when proposed by a friend, who went to his warehouse to try a piano-forte, was—"It is not by the sale of my instruments that I find the business answer, so much as by their hire: old and new are equally profitable in this respect; and, in truth, had I my choice, I would prefer letting my piano-fortes to selling them."

Great Marlow, Bucks.

M. L. B.

ESCAPE FROM TORTURE.

SEVERAL soldiers of Montgomery's Highland regiment were taken prisoners by the American Indians. Allan Macpherson, one of them, witnessed the miserable fate of his comrades, who had been tortured to death by the Indians; and seeing them preparing to commence the same operations upon himself, made signs that he had something to communicate. An interpreter was brought; and Macpherson told them, that if his life was spared for a few minutes, he would disclose the secret of an extraordinary medicine,

which, if applied to the skin, would cause it to resist the strongest blow of a tomahawk, or sword; and that if they would permit him to go into the woods, with a guard, to collect the plants proper for this medicine, he would prepare it, and allow the experiment to be made on his own neck, by the strongest and most expert warrior among them.

This story easily gained upon the superstitious credulity of the Indians, and the request of the Highlander was complied with.

Being sent into the woods, he soon returned with such plants as he chose to pick up. Having boiled these herbs, he rubbed his neck with their juice, and laying his head on a log of wood, desired the strongest man among them to strike at his neck with his tomahawk, when he would find that he could not make the smallest impression! An Indian levelling a blow with all his might, cut with such force, that the head flew off to the distance of several yards.

The Indians were fixed in amazement at their own credulity, and the address with which the prisoner had escaped the lingering death prepared for him; but, instead of being enraged at the escape of their victim, they were so pleased with his ingenuity, that they refrained from inflicting further cruelties on the remainder of their prisoners.—FERNANDO.

MARGARET LAMBRUN.

THE husband of Margaret Lambrun having died of grief, occasioned by the death of his mistress, Mary Queen of Scots, Margaret formed the resolution to avenge the death of her husband and mistress upon Queen Elizabeth. To accomplish her purpose, she assumed a man's habit, and repaired to the English Court; but, as she was pushing through a crowd, to get near the queen, she dropped one of her pistols. This being observed, she was seized and brought before Elizabeth, who examined her strictly; when Margaret replied, "Madam, though I appear in this habit, I am a woman; I was several years in the service of Queen Mary, whom you have unjustly put to death; you have also caused that of my husband, who died of grief to see that innocent queen perish so iniquitously. Now, as I had the greatest affection for both, I resolved to revenge their deaths by killing you. I have made many efforts to divert my resolution from this design, but in vain."

The queen heard this avowal with calmness, and answered: "You are then persuaded, that in this action you have done your duty, and satisfied the demands which your love for your mistress and your husband required from you; but what think you is my duty to you?"

Margaret asked, if this question was put as a queen, or a judge; and on her majesty

saying as a queen, "Then," said Margaret, "your majesty ought to grant me a pardon."

"But what assurance can you give me," returned the queen, "that you will not repeat the attempt?"

Margaret replied, "Madam, a favour which is granted under restraint is no more a favour; and in so doing, your majesty would act against me as a judge."

The queen was so struck with her behaviour, that she gave her a pardon, and a safe conduct out of the kingdom.—FERNANDO.

Fine Arts.

POMPEII.

On the 5th of June, 1827, an excavation was made at Pompeii, in the presence of the King and Queen of Naples, which was one of the most successful ever remembered, on account of the abundance and quality of the objects discovered. The spot chosen for the operation was a mansion, in which there had been previously discovered a very beautiful fountain in Mosaic, bordered with shell-work; and nearly similar to another that had been found in a contiguous house. From the midst of the basin rose a small column of marble, on which was placed a genius of bronze, holding in its left hand a bird, with its wings expanded, from the beak of which the water issued, and then fell back into the basin. A theatrical mask, also of marble, imbedded in the bottom of the niche, poured forth in its turn another stream of water. Before one of the feet of the fountain was a little bronze statue, in a sitting posture, with a basket in the left hand, and a cap on its head: apparently representing a Phrygian shepherd, clothed in a short tunic, and evidently no connexion with the place where it was found. On the marble pedestal there was a beautiful piece of sculpture, representing a child, half naked, lying asleep, grasping in one of its hands a little basket, and on one side of it a vase overturned; its clothes were of a peculiar make. Before the other foot of the fountain was a kind of marble caryatides. The partitions were ornamented with very elegant paintings, which appeared, to judge from the symbolical accessories, to represent the birth of Bacchus. In the hall was a stove, with its trevet, of rusty iron, surmounted by some fragments of bronze vases. In the two chambers, situated on the sides of the hall, were discovered a great number of other interesting objects—the principal of which were, two strong bracelets of gold; a small silver coin, a number of elegant bronze vases, and a very beautiful candelabrum, of the same material.

The king gave orders on the spot, that the fountain should be restored to the same state in which it had been found; that the whole

of the shell-work, which had been detached from the border, and half fallen down among the rubbish, should be replaced; that the bronze statues with which it was ornamented should be transported to the Royal Bourbon Museum, and that their place should be supplied by casts of baked earth; and that the partitions, on which were the paintings, as well as the fountain, should be defended by a roof, to save them from the chance of damage.

W. G. C.

The Naturalist.

THE ALLIGATOR.

(Abridged from Stevenson's Twenty Years' Residence in South America.)

THE river of Guayaquil and the creeks that empty themselves into it, abound with alligators, *lagartos*, or *caimanes*, so much so, that on the banks where they lie basking in the sun they appear like logs of wood thrown up by the tide, and are so unapprehensive of danger, that a canoe or boat may pass very near to them without their being disturbed; when basking in this manner they keep their enormous mouths open, and owing to the colour of the fleshy substance on the inside of the lower jaw, as well as to a musky scent which accompanies their breath, great numbers of flies are allured to enter the mouth, the upper jaw of which, when a sufficient number are collected, suddenly falls down, and the deluded insects are swallowed.

The alligator is an oviparous animal; the female deposits her eggs in the sand, laying in the course of one or two days from eighty to a hundred; they are much larger than those of a goose, and much thicker; they are covered with a very tenacious, white membrane, and are often eaten by the Indians, who when they take them first, open a small hole in the larger end, and place the egg in the sand with the hole downward; by this means a peculiarly disagreeable musky taste is destroyed; they afterwards cook them in the same manner as other eggs. Mr. Stevenson has tasted them, and found nothing disagreeable, except their being very tough. After depositing her eggs, the female covers them with sand, and then rolls herself over them, and continues rolling to the water side, as if to prevent the spot being found where she has left her deposit; but the vigilant gallinazos are generally on the alert at this season, and when they have found the nest, destroy the whole of them. The people who live near the sides of the river train their dogs to search for the eggs, as well as to destroy them; and thus thousands are annually broken.

When instinct informs the alligator that the time of ovation is completed, both the male and female go to the nest, and if undisturbed, the female immediately uncovers the

eggs, and carefully breaks them; the young brood begin to run about, and the watchful gallinazos prey upon them, while the male alligator, who appears to have come for no other purpose, devours all that he possibly can; those that can mount on the neck and back of the female are safe, unless they happen to fall off, or cannot swim, in which cases she devours them.

Mr. Stevenson has frequently seen the lagartos eighteen or twenty feet long. They feed principally on fish, which they catch in the rivers, and are known sometimes to go in a company of ten or twelve to the mouths of the small rivers and creeks, where two or three ascend while the tide is high, leaving the rest at the mouth; when the tide has fallen, one party besets the mouth of the creek, while the other swims down the stream, flapping their tails, and driving the fish into the very jaws of their devourers, which catch them, and lift their heads out of the water to swallow them.

When these voracious creatures cannot procure a sufficient quantity of fish to satisfy their hunger, they betake themselves to the savanas, where they destroy the calves and foals, lurking about during the day, and seizing their prey when asleep at night, which they drag to the water side, and there devour it. The cattle and the dogs appear sensible of their danger when they go to the rivers to drink, and will howl and bark until they have attracted the attention of the lagartos at one place, and then drop back and run to another, where they drink in a hurry, and immediately leave the water side; otherwise, as has been the case, an alligator would seize on them by the nose, drag them under the water, and drown and eat them.

When the lagarto has once tasted the flesh of animals it will almost abandon the fish, and reside principally ashore. Mr. Stevenson crossed the large plain of Babaoye, where he saw a living one, buried, except the head, in the clay, beside the remains of several dead ones. On inquiring how they came there, the *montubios*, a name given here to the peasantry, told me, that when the rains fall in the mountains great part of this savana is inundated, at which time the lagartos prowl about in search of the cattle remaining on the small islands that are then formed; and when the waters retire they are left imbedded in the clay, till the ensuing rains set them at liberty; they feed on flies in the way already described, and can exist in this manner for six or seven months. When found in this state the natives always kill them; sometimes by piercing them with lances between the fore leg and the body, the only visible part in which they are vulnerable; if they be not prepared with a lance, they collect wood and

kindle a fire as near to the mouth of the lagarto as they dare venture, and burn him to death.

These animals will sometimes seize human beings when bathing, and even take children from the shores; after having succeeded once or twice they will venture to take men or women from the balsas, if they can surprise them when asleep; but they are remarkably timid, and any noise will drive them from their purpose. They have also been known to swim alongside a small canoe, and to suddenly place one of their paws on the edge and upset it, when they immediately seize the unwary victim. Whenever it is known that a *cebado*, one that has devoured either a human being or cattle, is in the neighbourhood, all the people join in the common cause to destroy it; this they often effect by means of a noose of strong hide rope, baited with some animal food; when the lagarto seizes the bait its upper jaw becomes entangled with the rope, and the people immediately attack it with their lances, and generally kill it.

The natives sometimes divert themselves in catching the lagartos alive; they employ two methods, equally terrific and dangerous to a spectator, at first sight: both of these were exhibited to Count Ruis, when we were at Babaoyo, on our way to Quito. A man takes in his right hand a truncheon, called a *tolete*: this is of hard wood, about two feet long, having a ball formed at each end, into which are fastened two iron harpoons, and to the middle of this truncheon a platted thong is fastened. The man takes this in his hand, plunges into the river, and holds it horizontally on the surface of the water, grasping a dead fowl with the same hand, and swimming with the other: he places himself in a right line with the lagarto, which is almost sure to dart at the fowl; when this happens the truncheon is placed in a vertical position, and at the moment that the jaw of the lagarto is thrown up, the *tolete* is thrust into the mouth, so that when the jaw falls down again the two harpoons become fixed, and the animal is dragged to the shore by the cord fastened to the *tolete*. When on shore the appearance of the lagarto is really most horrible; his enormous jaw propped up by the *tolete*, showing his large, sharp teeth; his eyes projecting almost out of his head; the pale red colour of the fleshy substance on his under jaw, as well as that of the roof of the mouth; the impenetrable armour of scales which covers the body, with the huge paws and tail, all contribute to render the spectacle appalling; and although one is perfectly aware that in its present state it is harmless, yet it is almost impossible to look on it without feeling what fear is. The natives now surround the lagarto and bait it like a bull; holding before it any

thing that is red, at which it runs, when the man jumps on one side and avoids being struck by it, while the animal continues to run forward in a straight line, till checked by the thong which is fastened to the *tolete*. When tired of teasing the poor brute, they kill it by thrusting a lance down its throat, or under the fore leg into its body; unless by accident it be thrown on its back, when it may be pierced in any part of the belly, which is soft and easily penetrated.

The other method is, by taking a fowl in one hand, and a sharp, strong knife in the other; the man swims till he is directly opposite to the alligator, and at the moment when it springs at the fowl the man dives under the water, leaving the fowl on the surface; he then holds up the knife to the belly of the animal, and cuts it open, when the alligator immediately rolls over on its back, and is carried away by the stream. The teeth of the alligator are often taken from the jaws, and *quesqueros*, small tinder boxes, which are generally carried in the pocket for the purpose of lighting cigars, are made from them; they are beautifully white and equal to the finest ivory; some are four inches long, and most delicately carved, and mounted with gold or silver.

THE NOSTOCH.

THIS curious plant was formerly thought by some to be a gelatinous deposition from the clouds, when they touched the hills; others have supposed it to be the remains of a fallen star, or of a will-o'-the-wisp; or that it was a frozen frog; or disgorged by the heron: in short, there have always been some wonderful or superstitious ideas attached to it.

Botanists describe the plant as a sort of membranous moss, of an irregular body—a little transparent, and of a pale-green colour. It trembles when touched, and is easily broken. It can only be seen after it has rained; when it is found in several places, but chiefly in uncultivated ground, and alongside sandy roads. It is formed almost in a moment; for, when in summer, walking in a garden, not the least trace of it is seen; on a sudden, a storm of rain falls, and in an hour after, in the same spot, the whole walk will appear covered with numbers of the plants. The heat, or a high wind, causes the water to evaporate from the plant in a short time; and then it contracts, shrinks, and loses its transparency and colour. According to Dillenius, when young, it is small and globular, or like little scales; but its growth is very rapid, and its existence short. It is not certain that it revives after being shrivelled and blackened by dry weather.

P. T. W.

Manners and Customs.

HATS.

(On the various fashions of Hats, Bonnets, or coverings for the head, chiefly from the reign of Henry VIII. to the Eighteenth Century.)

THE word *hat* seems to be derived from the Saxon *Daet*, German *hatt*, i. e. a cover for the head; the modern term is used in distinction from a bonnet or cap, but anciently even a helmet was so denominated, as in the romance of *Kyng Alesaunde*:

"Of sum wore the brayn outspat:
All under theu iren hat."

"The hat of the Saxons," says Strutt, "was, I doubt not, made of various materials, but by no means seems to be a part of dress universally adopted. From its general appearance, I have supposed it to have been of skins, with the shaggy part turned upwards,

and probably it might often be so; but they had also felt or woollen hats at this period, which their own records testify."

Great was the variety of material and colour, as well as form, of these ancient coverings; as we read of hats of felt, silk, scarlet, &c. In a poem entitled "*London Lyckpenny*," by Lydgate, mention is made of "fine felt hattes, and a hode;" and in the Court of Common Pleas, "there sate one with a sylken hode."

The Marchant in the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, is described as wearing

"On his hed a Flaundrish bever hat."

In the *Frere's tale*, a gay Yemen had

"An hat upon his hed with frenches blake."

The *Cronycle of Froissart* (Pynson's Edition) throws some light upon head dresses during the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II



(Specimens of the time of Richard II. or Henry IV. from Engravings of Froissart's Chronicle.)

In cap. 189 of the first volume, mention is made of "hattes of bever and eustrides fethers;" and, in cap. 348, "whyte hattes" are curiously recommended. Johan Lyon says, "it behoveth that in this towne of Gaunte ye renew an old aunceyent custome that sometime was used in this towne; and that is, that ye bryng up agayne the whyte hattes."

Among the Inventory of Effects belonging to Sir John Fastolfe, 1469, is "j hatte of bever lynyd withe damaske gilt, girdell, bokkell, and penaunt (pendent), with iiij barrys of the same." And again, "ij poyntys of a hood of skarlot; j blake rydyng hood sengle; item, ij strawen hattes: j blew hoods of the garter; rydyng hoods of blakke felwet; j prikking hat cover'd with blake felwet."

In the journal of Beckington, secretary to

Henry VI., 1442, is mentioned a "scarlet hat given as a new year's gift."

About the reign of Henry VII. bonnets and caps were much worn, as appears from the wood-cuts in the *Nuremberg Chronicle*.—(See next page.)

In the Wardrobe account of Henry VIII., we find mentioned, "a hatte of grene velvette, embrowdered with grene silk lase, and lyned with grene sarcenette;" and again, "Item, for making of three cappies of velvettes, the one yallowe, the other orange colour, and the therd grene, &c.;" and for William Som'ar, the king's fool, "a cappe of grene clothe, fringed with real crule, and lined with fryse," &c.

In 14th Henry VIII., six noblemen had "hoods and bonnettes of cloth of gold." The 16th Henry VIII. mentions "cappes and whoddes all of gold." "The Bishop of Scotland was much marked this day, for whensoever he came to the court before this

* From a paper in the *Archæologia*, read before the Society of Antiquaries, May 19, 1831, from a letter by J. A. Repton Esq. F.S.A.



(From the Nuremberg Chronicle, 1493.)

time, his apparell was sumptuous, his whodde was ever velvette or crimosyn satyn; but after the taking of the French kyng, he wore only blacke chamlet, by which token men judged his French harte."



(Bonnet of the time of Henry VIII., from the back of an old chair.)

CARDINALS' HATS.

Before I proceed to notice hats of a period subsequent to the time of Henry VIII., I would make some observations on the broad-brimmed hats, beginning with those of the Cardinals. In old paintings, the Cardinal's hat is represented as having a very broad brim, but the projection is much less in sculpture from the difficulty of execution. This is seen in the effigy of Cardinal Beaufort in Winchester Cathedral. That the broad-brimmed hat was worn by Cardinals, is confirmed by Shakspeare's Henry VI., part I.

Glouc. "I'll canvass thee in thy broad Cardinal's hat."

That the Cardinal's hats were red, is confirmed by the following quotation from Froissart's Chronicle, cap. 327: "And cryed to the cardynelles, and said, 'Sirs, advyee yowe well, if ye delyver us a Pope Romayne, we be content, or else we woll make your heddes reeder than your hattes be.'"

In Hall's Chronicle we have a quaint account of the sending a Cardinal's hat to Bishop Fisher. "It is sayd that the Pope, for that he held so manfully with him, and stode so stiffly in his cause, did elect him a Cardinal, and sent the Cardinales hat as far as Caleys, but the head it should have stande on was as high as London Bridge or ever the hat could come to Bishop Fysher, and then it was too late, and, therefore, he neither wore it, nor enjoyed his office."

QUAKERS' HATS.

From the broad-brimmed hat of the Cardinals let us turn to those of the Quakers, now more politely called *Friends*.

Barclay, in his Apology, declares, p. 515, "that it is not lawfull for Christians to kneel or prostrate themselves to any man, or to bow the body, or to uncover the head to them." He complains of the unfriendly treatment of the Friends, that "many of us have been sorely beaten and buffeted; yea, and several months imprisoned, for no other reason but because we could not so satisfie the proud unreasonable humours of proud men, as to uncover our heads, and bow our bodies. Nor doth our innocent practice of standing still, though upright, not putting off our hats any more than our shoes, the one being the covering of our heads, as well as the other of our feet, show so much rudeness, as their beating and mocking us, &c. because we cannot bow contrary to our consciences."

The fashion which prevails among the higher ranks of society, in all ages, will be

soon imitated by the inferior order; but as Pope says,

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather and prunello:"
the deception is always discovered.

Ben Jonson, Act III. Scene. 4 of the Magnetic Lady, says,

"Altho he ha' got his head into a beaver,
With a huge feather, 's but a currier's son."

Evelyn, in his "Tyraunus, or the Mode," says, "How many times have I saluted the fine man for the master; and stood with my hat off to the gay feather, when I found the bird to be all this while but a daw; *creptur persona, manetres*; for so the ass wore the lion's skin, but never thought of hiding his ears," &c.

CAPS.

By a note to one of Shakspeare's plays, we find woollen caps were enjoined by act of Parliament in the year 1571, the 13th of Elizabeth: "Besides the bills passed into acts of this Parliament, there was one which I judge not amiss to be taken notice of: it concerned the Queen's care for employment for her poor sort of subjects. It was for continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of Cappers; providing that all above the age of six years (except the nobility and some others) should, on Sabbath days and holidays, wear caps of wool, knit and drest in England, upon penalty of ten groats."

The following quotations on caps are here inserted:

"Well, better wits have worn plain statute caps,"
Love's Labour Lost, Act V.

"In a bowling alley in a flat cap like a shopkeeper."
News from Hell, 1606.

The Mother Red Cap, represented at this present day on a sign post as wearing a high crowned hat, instead of a cap, is probably incorrect.

That clergymen formerly wore woollen caps may be seen by the following quotation from the Life of Long Meg of Westminster: "The foul ill take me mistress, quoth Meg, if I misreckon the limner lowne one penny; and therefore, Vicar, I tell thee, fore thou go out of these doores, I'll make thee pay every farthing, if thy cap be of wooll."

Among the many curious and interesting letters illustrative of English history, edited by Henry Ellis, Esq. is the following account of a visit to a Jewish synagogue in London, in 1662: "Every man had a large white vest, covering or veil, cast over the high crown of his hat, which from thence hung down on all sides, covering the whole hat, the shoulders, arms, sides, and back to the girdle place, nothing to be seen but a little of the face." &c. And again, "I saw each Jew, at his first entrance into the place, did first bow down towards the Ark wherein the

Law was kept, but with his hat on, which they never do put off in this place, but a stranger must."

The following quotation from a printed tract of fourteen leaves, "Vox Borealis, 1641," is taken from the Censura Literatura, vol. vi. "They say in London that the cause of this combustion proceedeth from a quarrel for superiority between black caps and blew caps, the one affirming that cater-caps keep square dealing, and the other, tells them that cater-caps are like caterpillars, which devour all where they may be suffered; and the round caps tell the other, that their caps are never out of order, turn it which way you will; and they stand stiffly to it, that blew caps are true caps, and better than black ones."

Blue caps was a name of ridicule given to the Scots, from their blue bonnets. There is an old ballad called *Blue Cap for me*:

"A Scottish lass her resolute chusing,
She'll have bonny blew cap, all others refusing."
Reed's Shakspeare.

The most curious fashion of the head-dress which prevailed about the reign of Elizabeth was the high-crowned hat. One of the earliest specimens I have been able to collect is that of Douglas, Earl of Morton (1553, 1581).



(Specimen of the time of Elizabeth, from the Court of Wards.)

The following note from Reed's Shakspeare may throw some light upon the subject. "A Capatain hat is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, such as was anciently worn by well dressed men. This kind of hat is twice mentioned by Gascoigne, see Herbes, p. 154.

"A Coptant hat made on a Flemish block."
And again in his Epilogue, p. 216:
"With high copt hats and feathers flaunts a flaut,"

(To be concluded in our next.)

* From a translation of 'Don Quevedo's Visions, 1656, the coptanck hat appears at that time to have been considered as old fashioned. "Ye can't see a high-crown'd hat, or a thread-bare cloak, &c. nay, not so much as a reverend matron, well stricken in years, but presently ye cry this or that's of the mode or date of Queen Dick."

The Public Journals.

JULY.

JULY is a dumb, dreaming, hot, lazy, luxurious, delightful month, for those who can do as they please, and are pleased with what they do. The birds are silent; we have no more cuckoo, no more nightingale; nature is basking in repose; the cattle stand in the water; shade is loved, and rest after dinner. We understand, in July, what the Spaniard means by his *siesta*. A book and a sofa in the afternoon, near a tree-shaded window, with a prospect of another room, seen through folding doors, in which the hot sun comes peeping between Venetian blinds, is pleasant to one's supineness. The sensible thing is, to lie on your back, gently pillowed 'twixt head and shoulders, the head resting on the end of the sofa, and so read—listening at intervals to the sound of the foliage, or to the passing visit of the bee. The thing, more sensible, is to have a companion who loves your book and yourself, and who reads with you, provided you can let her read. I must not come, however, to my afternoon, before my morning; though July, being lazy, makes us think of it first. July and August are afternoon and evening months; May and June are morning months; September and October are day months; the rest are night months, for firesides,—unless we except April, and that is as you can get it. You may experience all the seasons in it, and must catch the sunshine as you can, betwixt the showers.

July, however, though a lazy month, is not lazy from weakness. If nature reposes, it is the repose of affluent power and sovereign beauty. The gardens are in purple, and golden, and white splendour (with the lily); the trees in thickest exuberance; the sky at its bluest; the clouds full, snowy, and mountainous. The genial armies of the rain are collecting, against the time when the hot sun shall be too potent. The grandest, and at the same time the liveliest of the wild flowers—the convolvulus—is lording it in the hedges. In the garden, the nasturtium seems a flower born of fire: there is an exquisite flavour of something in its taste. The daughter of Linneus found out, that sparks are emitted from the nasturtium in warm evenings. It was a piece of observation fit for the daughter of the great botanist, and has associated her memory with one of the most agreeable secrets of nature. Female discoveries ought to be in the region of the beautiful and the sprightly. No disparagement to Miss Martineau, who unites poetical and philosophical feeling to a degree hitherto displayed by none of her sex; and whose sphere of the useful, being founded on sympathy, contains in it all the elements of enjoyment.—*Leigh Hunt, in the Court Mag.*

THE TURF.

(Continued from page 48.)

Colonel Mellish.

The star of the race-course of modern times was the late Colonel Mellish, certainly the cleverest man of his day, as regards the science and practice of the turf. No one could match (*i. e.* make matches) with him, nor could any one excel him in handicapping horses in a race. But, indeed, "*nihil erat quod non tetigit; nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.*" He beat Lord Frederick Bentinck in a foot race over Newmarket Heath. He was a clever painter, a fine horseman, a brave soldier, a scientific farmer, and an exquisite coachman. But—as his friends said of him—not content with being the *second-best* man of his day, he would be the *first*, which was fatal to his fortune and his fame. It, however, delighted us to see him in public, in the meridian of his almost unequalled popularity, and the impression he made upon us remains. We remember even the style of his dress, peculiar for its lightness of hue—his neat white hat, white trousers, white silk stockings, ay, and we may add, his white but handsome, face. There was nothing black about him but his hair, and his mustachios which he wore by virtue of his commission, and which to him were an ornament. The like of his style of coming on the race-course at Newmarket was never witnessed there before him, nor since. He drove his barouche himself, drawn by four beautiful white horses, with two out-riders on matches to them, ridden in harness bridles. In his rear was a saddle-horse groom, leading a thorough-bred hack, and at the rubbing-post on the heath was another groom—all in crimson liveries—waiting with a second hack. But we marvel when we think of his establishment. We remember him with thirty-eight race-horses in training; seventeen coach-horses, twelve hunters in Leicestershire, four chargers at Brighton, and not a few hacks! But the worst is yet to come. By his racing speculations he was a gainer, his judgment pulling him through; but when we had heard that he would play to the extent of 40,000*l.* at a sitting—yes, *he once staked that sum on a throw*—we were not surprised that the domain of Blythe passed into other hands; and that the once accomplished owner of it became the tenant of a premature grave. "The bowl of pleasure," says Johnson, "is poisoned by reflection on the cost," and here it was drunk to the dregs. Colonel Mellish ended his days, not in poverty, for he acquired a competency with his lady, but in a small house within sight of the mansion that had been the pride of his ancestors and himself. As, however, the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, Colonel Mellish was not without consolation. He never wronged any one but himself, and, as

an owner of race-horses, and a better, his character was without spot.

The late Duke of York

Was equally devoted to the turf; and, in 1816, we find his Royal Highness a winner of the Derby, with Prince Leopold; and, in 1822, with Moses; the former bred by Lord Durham, the latter by himself. His racing career may be said to have commenced at Ascot, where he established the Outlands stakes, which at one period were more than equal in value to the Derby, being a hundred guineas subscription. Indeed, we have reason to believe, that when they were won by his late Majesty's Baronet—beating eighteen of the picked horses in England, his own Escape amongst the lot—there was more money depending than had ever been before, excepting on two occasions. His Majesty won 17,000*l.* by the race, and would have won still more had Escape been the winner. We wish we could add to this trifling sketch a long list of his Royal Highness' winnings; but the Duke of York was on the turf, what the Duke of York was everywhere—good humoured, unsuspecting, and confiding; qualifications, however creditable to human nature, ill fitted for a race-course. It is therefore scarcely necessary to say, that his Royal Highness was no winner by his horses, nor indeed by anything else; and we much fear that his heavy speculations on the turf were among the chief causes of those pecuniary embarrassments which disturbed the latter years of one against whose high and chivalrous feelings of honour and integrity no human creature that knew anything of him ever breathed a whisper. In 1825, we find the Duke with sixteen horses to his name; and, with the exception of two, a most sorry lot; but previously to that period he had incurred severe loss by persevering in breeding from Aladdin and Giles. The stud usually ran in Mr. Greville's name; were trained by Butler, of Newmarket, now deceased; and chiefly ridden by Goodison, who did the best he could for them.

Epsom Races.

Epsom ranks first after Newmarket. It is sufficient, perhaps, to state, that there were no less than one hundred and fourteen colts entered for the last Derby stakes, and ninety-seven fillies for the Oaks—their owners paying fifty sovereigns each for those that started, and twenty-five for those that did not. There are, likewise, a gold cup, and several other stakes, as well as three plates. Independently of seeing him *run*, amateur admirers of the *race-horse* have here a fine opportunity of *studying* him in the highest state of his perfection. We allude to the place called the *Warren*, in which the Derby and Oaks horses are saddled and mounted. It is a small, but picturesque bit of ground,

in the forest style, inclosed by a wall and entered by all who choose to pay a shilling. To some it is a great treat to see the celebrated Newmarket jockeys, who may be only known to them by name. A view of half the aristocracy of England, also, is, even in these times, worth a shilling to many. The sporting men, meanwhile, reap much advantage from their anxious inspection of the horses as they walk round this rural circus. They can closely observe the condition of their favourites; and should anything dissatisfy them, they have a chance to hedge something before the race is run, although the ring is generally broken up about the time the horses are assembled in the *Warren*.

But what is the sight in the *Warren*, interesting as it really is,—thousands on thousands depending on the result, ruinous perhaps to many—compared with the start for the race? Fancy twenty-four three-year colts, looking like six-year-old horses, with the bloom of condition on their coats, drawn up in a line at the starting-place, with the picked jockeys of all England on their backs, and on the simple fact of which may prove the best, perhaps a million sterling depends. *They are off!* "No, no"—cries one jockey whose horse turned his tail to the others, just as the word "Go" was given. "Tis sufficient: 'tis no start: *come back!*" roars the starter. Some are pulled up in a few hundred yards—others go twice as fast. But look at that chestnut colt—white jacket and black cap—with thousands depending upon him! He is three parts of the way to Tottenham's corner before his rider can restrain him. Talk of agonising moments!—the pangs of death! what can at all equal these? But there are no winnings without losings, and it is *sure* to those who have backed him out. Who can say, indeed, but that, his temper being known, the false start may have been *contrived* to accommodate him? However, they are all back again at the post, and each rider endeavouring to be one more well-placed. Observe the cautious John Day, how quietly he manoeuvres to obtain an inside location for his worthy master His Grace of Grafton. Look at neat little Arthur Pavis, patting his horse on the neck and sides, and admiring himself at the same time. But his breeches and boots are really good. Watch Sam Chifney minutely, but first and foremost his seat in his saddle—

Incorpoed and demi-natured
With the brave beast

and his countenance! 'Tis calm, though thoughtful; but he has much to think of. He and his confederates have thousands on the race, and he is now running it in his mind's eye. Harry Edwards and Robinson are side by side, each heavily backed to win. How they are formed to ride! Surely Nature must have a mould for a jockey, for the

The Public Journals.

JULY.

JULY is a dumb, dreaming, hot, lazy, luxurious, delightful month, for those who can do as they please, and are pleased with what they do. The birds are silent; we have no more cuckoo, no more nightingale; nature is basking in repose; the cattle stand in the water; shade is loved, and rest after dinner. We understand, in July, what the Spaniard means by his *siesta*. A book and a sofa in the afternoon, near a tree-shaded window, with a prospect of another room, seen through folding doors, in which the hot sun comes peeping between Venetian blinds, is pleasant to one's supineness. The sensible thing is, to lie on your back, gently pillowed 'twixt head and shoulders, the head resting on the end of the sofa, and so rest—listening at intervals to the sound of the foliage, or to the passing visit of the bee. The thing, more sensible, is to have a companion who loves your book and yourself, and who reads with you, provided you can let her read. I must not come, however, to my afternoon, before my morning; though July, being lazy, makes us think of it first. July and August are afternoon and evening months; May and June are morning months; September and October are day months; the rest are night months, for firesides,—unless we except April, and that is as you can get it. You may experience all the seasons in it, and must catch the sunshine as you can, between the showers.

July, however, though a lazy month, is not lazy from weakness. If nature reposes, it is the repose of affluent power and sovereign beauty. The gardens are in purple, and golden, and white splendour (with the lily); the trees in thickest exuberance; the sky at its bluest; the clouds full, snowy, and mountainous. The genial armies of the rain are collecting, against the time when the hot sun shall be too potent. The grandest, and at the same time the liveliest of the wild flowers—the convolvulus—is lording it in the hedges. In the garden, the nasturtium seems a flower born of fire: there is an exquisite flavour of something in its taste. The daughter of Linnaeus found out, that sparks are emitted from the nasturtium in warm evenings. It was a piece of observation fit for the daughter of the great botanist, and has associated her memory with one of the most agreeable secrets of nature. Female discoveries ought to be in the region of the beautiful and the sprightly. No disparagement to Miss Martineau, who unites poetical and philosophical feeling to a degree hitherto displayed by none of her sex; and whose sphere of the useful, being founded on sympathy, contains in it all the elements of enjoyment.—*Leigh Hunt, in the Court Mag.*

THE TURF.

(Continued from page 48.)

Colonel Mellish.

The star of the race-course of modern times was the late Colonel Mellish, certainly the cleverest man of his day, as regards the science and practice of the turf. No one could match (*i. e.* make matches) with him, nor could any one excel him in handicapping horses in a race. But, indeed, "*nihil erat quod non tetigit; nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.*" He beat Lord Frederick Bentinck in a foot race over Newmarket Heath. He was a clever painter, a fine horseman, a brave soldier, a scientific farmer, and an exquisite coachman. But—as his friends said of him—not content with being the *second-best* man of his day, he would be the *first*, which was fatal to his fortune and his fame. It, however, delighted us to see him in public, in the meridian of his almost unequalled popularity, and the impression he made upon us remains. We remember even the style of his dress, peculiar for its lightness of hue—his neat white hat, white trousers, white silk stockings, ay, and we may add, his white but handsome, face. There was nothing black about him but his hair, and his mustachios which he wore by virtue of his commission, and which to him were an ornament. The like of his style of coming on the race-course at Newmarket was never witnessed there before him, nor since. He drove his barouche himself, drawn by four beautiful white horses, with two out-riders on matches to them, ridden in harness bridles. In his rear was a saddle-horse groom, leading a thorough-bred hack, and at the rubbing-post on the heath was another groom—all in crimson liveries—waiting with a second hack. But we marvel when we think of his establishment. We remember him with thirty-eight race-horses in training; seventeen coach-horses, twelve hunters in Leicestershire, four chargers at Brighton, and not a few hacks! But the worst is yet to come. By his racing speculations he was a gainer, his judgment pulling him through; but when we had heard that he would play to the extent of 40,000*l.* at a sitting—yes, *he once staked that sum on a throw*—we were not surprised that the domain of Blythe passed into other hands; and that the once accomplished owner of it became the tenant of a premature grave. "The bowl of pleasure," says Johnson, "is poisoned by reflection on the cost," and here it was drunk to the dregs. Colonel Mellish ended his days, not in poverty, for he acquired a competency with his lady, but in a small house within sight of the mansion that had been the pride of his ancestors and himself. As, however, the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, Colonel Mellish was not without consolation. He never wronged any one but himself, and, as

an owner of race-horses, and a better, his character was without spot.

The late Duke of York

Was equally devoted to the turf; and, in 1816, we find his Royal Highness a winner of the Derby, with Prince Leopold; and, in 1822, with Moses; the former bred by Lord Durham, the latter by himself. His racing career may be said to have commenced at Ascot, where he established the Oatlands stakes, which at one period were more than equal in value to the Derby, being a hundred guineas subscription. Indeed, we have reason to believe, that when they were won by his late Majesty's Baronet—beating eighteen of the picked horses in England, his own Escape amongst the lot—there was more money depending than had ever been before, excepting on two occasions. His Majesty won 17,000*l.* by the race, and would have won still more had Escape been the winner. We wish we could add to this trifling sketch a long list of his Royal Highness' winnings; but the Duke of York was on the turf, what the Duke of York was everywhere—good humoured, unsuspecting, and confiding; qualifications, however creditable to human nature, ill fitted for a race-course. It is therefore scarcely necessary to say, that his Royal Highness was no winner by his horses, nor indeed by anything else; and we much fear that his heavy speculations on the turf were among the chief causes of those pecuniary embarrassments which disturbed the latter years of one against whose high and chivalrous feelings of honour and integrity no human creature that knew anything of him ever breathed a whisper. In 1825, we find the Duke with sixteen horses to his name; and, with the exception of two, a most sorry lot; but previously to that period he had incurred severe loss by persevering in breeding from Aladdin and Giles. The stud usually ran in Mr. Greville's name; were trained by Butler, of Newmarket, now deceased; and chiefly ridden by Goodison, who did the best he could for them.

Epsom Races.

Epsom ranks first after Newmarket. It is sufficient, perhaps, to state, that there were no less than one hundred and fourteen colts entered for the last Derby stakes, and ninety-seven fillies for the Oaks—their owners paying fifty sovereigns each for those that started, and twenty-five for those that did not. There are, likewise, a gold cup, and several other stakes, as well as three plates. Independently of seeing him *run*, amateur admirers of the *race-horse* have here a fine opportunity of *studying* him in the highest state of his perfection. We allude to the place called *the Warren*, in which the Derby and Oaks horses are saddled and mounted. It is a small, but picturesque bit of ground,

in the forest style, inclosed by a wall and entered by all who choose to pay a shilling. To some it is a great treat to see the celebrated Newmarket jockeys, who may be only known to them by name. A view of half the aristocracy of England, also, is, even in these times, worth a shilling to many. The sporting men, meanwhile, reap much advantage from their anxious inspection of the horses as they walk round this rural circus. They can closely observe the condition of their favourites; and should anything dissatisfy them, they have a chance to hedge something before the race is run, although the ring is generally broken up about the time the horses are assembled in *the Warren*.

But what is the sight in *the Warren*, interesting as it really is,—thousands on thousands depending on the result, ruinous perhaps to many—compared with the start for the race? Fancy twenty-four three-year colts, looking like six-year-old horses, with the bloom of condition on their coats, drawn up in a line at the starting-place, with the picked jockeys of all England on their backs, and on the simple fact of which may prove the best, perhaps a million sterling depends. *They are off!* "No, no"—cries one jockey whose horse turned his tail to the others, just as the word "Go" was given. "Tis sufficient: 'tis no start: *come back!*" roars the starter. Some are pulled up in a few hundred yards—others go twice as far. But look at that chestnut colt—white jacket and black cap—with thousands depending upon him! He is three parts of the way to Tottenham's corner before his rider can restrain him. Talk of agonising moments!—the pangs of death! what can at all equal these? But there are no winnings without losing, and it is *sure* to those who have backed him out. Who can say, indeed, but that, his temper being known, the false start may have been *contrived* to accommodate him? However, they are all back again at the post, and each rider endeavouring to be once more well-placed. Observe the cautious John Day, how quietly he manoeuvres to obtain an inside location for his worthy master His Grace of Grafton. Look at neat little Arthur Paris, patting his horse on the neck and sides, and admiring himself at the same time. But his breeches and boots are really good. Watch Sam Chifney minutely, but first and foremost his seat in his saddle—

Incorped and demi-natured
With the brave beast—

and his countenance! 'Tis calm, though thoughtful; but he has much to think of. He and his confederates have thousands on the race, and he is now running it in his mind's eye. Harry Edwards and Robinson are side by side, each heavily backed to win. How they are formed to ride! Surely Nature must have a mould for a jockey, for the

purpose of displaying her jewel, the horse! And that elegant horseman Sam Day—but see how he is wasted to bring himself to the weight! Observe the knuckles of his hands and the patellæ of his knees, how they appear almost breaking through the skin. But if he have left nearly half of his frame in the sweaters, the remaining half is full of vigour; and we'll answer for it his horse don't find him wanting in the struggle. Then that slim, young jockey, with high cheek bones, and long neck, in the green jacket and orange cap—surely he must be in a *galloping* consumption! There is a pallid bloom on his sunken cheek, rarely seen but on the face of death, and he wants but the grave-clothes to complete the picture. Yet we need not fear. He is heartwhole and well; but having had short notice, has lost fifteen pounds in the last forty-eight hours. *They are off again*—a beautiful start and a still more beautiful sight! All the hues of the rainbow in the colours of the riders and the complexions of their horses! What a spectacle for the sportsmen who take their stand on the hill on the course, to see the first part of the race, and to observe the places their favourites have gotten! *They are all in a cluster*, the jockeys glancing at each other's horses, for they cannot do more in such a crowd. They are soon, however, a little more at their ease; the severity of the ground, and the rapidity of the pace, throw the soft-hearted ones behind, and at Tattenham's corner there is room for observation. "*I think I can win*," says Robinson to himself, "if I can but continue to live with my horse, for I *know* I have the speed of all here. But I must take a strong pull down this hill, for we have not been coming over Newmarket flat. Pavis's horse is going sweetly, and the Yorkshireman, Scott, lying well up. But where is Chifney? Oh! like Christmas, *he's coming*, creeping up in his usual form, and getting the blind side of Harry Edwards. Chapple is here on a *dangerous* horse, and John Day with a stain of old Prunella." *It is a terrible race!* There are seven in front within the distance, and nothing else has a chance to win. The set-to begins; they are all good ones. Whips are at work—the people shout—*hearts throb—ladies faint—the favourite is beat—white jacket with black cap wins.*

Now a phalanx of cavalry descend the hill towards the grand stand, with *Who has won?* in each man's mouth. "*Hurrah!*" cries one, on the answer being given; "*my fortune is made.*" "*Has he, by ———?*" says another, pulling up with a jerk; "*I am a ruined man! Scoundrel that I was to risk such a sum! and I have too much reason to fear I have been deceived. Oh! how shall I face my poor wife and my children? I'll blow out my brains.*" But where is the owner of the winning horse? He is on the

hill, on his coach-box; but he will not believe it till twice told. "*Hurrah!*" he exclaims, throwing his hat into the air. A gipsy hands it to him. It is in the air again, and the gipsy catches it, and half-a-sovereign besides, as she hands it to him once more. "*Heavens bless your honour,*" says the *dark lady*, "*did I not tell your honour you could not lose?*"

There are two meetings now at Epsom, as indeed there were more than half a century back, but the October meeting is of minor importance. The grand stand on the course is the largest in Europe, and, to give some idea of its magnificence, it has been assessed to the poor's rate at 500*l.* per annum. The exact expense of its erection is not known to us, but the lawyer's bill alone was 557*l.* Poor distressed England!

Foreign Horse-racing.

After the example of England, racing is making considerable progress in various parts of the world. In the East Indies, there are regular meetings in the three different Presidencies, and there is also the Bengal Jockey Club. In the United States, breeding and running horses are advancing with rapid strides; and the grand match at New York, between Henry and Eclipse, afforded a specimen of the immense interest attached to similar events. In Germany we find three regular places of sport, viz., Gustrow, Dobboran, and New Brandenburg; and the Duke of Holstein Augustenburg has established a very promising one in his country. His Serene Highness, and his brother, Prince Frederick, have each a large stud of horses, from blood imported from England; and amongst the conspicuous German sportsmen, who have regular racing establishments, under the care of English training grooms, are, Counts Hahn, Plessen, Bassewitz, (two,) Moltke, and Voss; Barons de Biel, Hertefeldt, and Hamerstein. The Duke of Lucca has a large stud; and the stables at Marlia have been rebuilt in a style of grandeur equal to the ducal palace. At Naples, racing has been established, and is flourishing. Eleven thorough-bred horses were lately shipped at Dover, on their road to that capital, and which were to be eighty days on their journey, after landing at Calais. Prince Butera's breeding-stud, on the southern coast of Sicily, is the largest in these parts: it was founded by a son of Haphazard, from a few English mares, and his highness is one of the chief supporters of Neapolitan horse-racing. In Sweden is some of our best blood; and Count Woronzow and others have taken some good blood-stock to Russia. In Austria, four noblemen subscribe to our Racing Calendar; in Hungary, eight; in Prussia, two. France makes very little progress in racing; it does not suit the taste of

that people. But, of all wonders, who would look for racing in good form in Van Diemen's Land? There, however, it is: we perceive several well-bred English horses in the lists of the cattle at Hobart's Town, where they have three days' racing for plates, matches, and sweepstakes, (one of fifty sovereigns each,) with ordinaries, and balls, and six thousand spectators on the course! This little colony is *progressing* in many odd ways: it turns out, *inter alia*, as pretty an Annual, whether we look to the poetry or the engraving, as any one could have expected from a place of three times its standing—though the *engraving*, to be sure, *may* be accounted for!

WOMAN.

On! man, how different is thy heart,
From hers, the partner of thy lot;
Who in thy feelings hath no part,
When love's wild charm is once forgot.
What, th' awakening spell shall be,
Thy heart to melt, thy soul to warm,
Or who shall dare appeal to thee
To whom "old days" convey no charm?
When Adam turned from Eden's gate,
His soul in sullen musings slept—
He brooded o'er his future fate,
While Eve—poor Eve—looked back and wept!—
So man, even while his eager arms
Support some trembling fair one's charms,
Looks forward to vague days beyond,
When other eyes shall beam as fond,
And other lips his own shall press,
And meet his smile with mute caress:—
And still as o'er life's path he goes,
Plucks first the lily—then the rose.
And half forgets that o'er his heart
Owned for another sigh or smart;
Or deems while bound in passion's thrall
The last, the dearest loved of all—
But woman, even while she bows
Her veiled head to altar vows;
Along life's slow and devious track,
For ever gazes fondly back.
And woman, even while her eye
Is turned to give its meek reply
To murmured words of praise,
Deep in her heart remembers, still
The tones that made her bosom thrill,
In unforgetten days.
Yes, even when on her lover's breast
She sinks, and leaves her hand to rest
Within his clasping hold,
The sigh she gives is not so much
To prove the empire of that touch,
As for those days of old;
For long remembered hours, when first
Love on her dawning senses burst—
For all the wild impassioned truth
That blest the visions of her youth!

The Hon. Mrs. Norton—in the Court Magazine.

New Books.

SHIPWRECKS AND DISASTERS AT SEA.

[We quote still another extract from this entertaining work:—]

Munk's Disastrous Voyage.

In the year 1619, an able navigator named Jens Munk was sent out on a voyage of discovery towards the north-west coast of America, by Christian IV., king of Den-

mark. Sailing from Elsinour on the 18th of May, he succeeded in reaching Hudson's Bay. In passing through the straits, after leaving Cape Farewell to enter the bay, he conferred upon them the name of *Pretum Christiani*, in compliment to the king of Denmark, although they had been discovered and named before. Munk had two vessels, one of them of small burthen, manned with only sixteen hands; the largest had a crew of forty-eight. He met with a great deal of ice, which forced him to seek for shelter in what is now called Chesterfield's Inlet. It was the seventh of September when he entered the inlet, where, from the lateness of the season, it was but too obvious he must winter. The ice closed in around him, and every prospect of returning home the same season was shut out very speedily. Munk now began to construct huts on shore for himself and crews, which being completed, his people set out to explore the country around, and employ themselves in hunting for their future subsistence. They fell in with an abundance of game. Hares, partridges, foxes, bears, and various wild-fowl, were equally applied to secure them a winter stock of provisions.

On the 27th of November, they were surprised by the phenomenon of three distinct suns, which appeared in the heavens. On the 24th of January they again saw two, equally distinct. On the 18th of December they had an eclipse of the moon. They also saw a transparent circle round the moon, and what they fancied a cross within it, exactly quartering that satellite. These particular appearances were regarded, according to the spirit of those days, as omens of no future good fortune. The frost speedily froze up their beer, brandy and wine, so that the casks burst. The liberal use of spirituous liquors, which, in high latitudes, are doubly pernicious, was quickly productive of disease. Their bread and such provisions as they had brought from home were exhausted early in the spring, and the scurvy having reduced them to a most miserable condition, they were unable to pursue or capture any of the multitudes of wild fowl which flocked to the vicinity of their miserable dwellings. Death now committed frightful ravages amongst them. They were helpless as children, and died in great numbers. In May, 1620, their provisions were entirely consumed, and then famine aided disease in the work of death. Never was the waste of life in such a situation so terrible. Summer had nearly arrived, but not to bring hope and consolation to those who had lived through the dark and dreary winter, but to show the survivors the extent of the havoc death had made among them. Munk was among the living, but so weak as to be unable to indulge a hope of recovery. In despair, and perfectly

hopeless, he awaited the fate which seemed inevitable. He had been four days without food. Impelled at length by hunger, and ignorant of the fate of his companions, he gathered strength enough to crawl out of his own hut to inquire after the others, and try to satiate his appetite. He discovered that, out of fifty-two, only two remained alive among the dead bodies of their comrades, who lay unburied around. Seeing they were the remnant of the crew, and hunger-stung, they encouraged each other to try for food. By scraping away the snow, they were fortunate enough to find some roots, which they devoured with ravenous eagerness, and then swallowing some herbs and grass which happened to be anti-scorbutic, they found themselves better. They then made corresponding efforts to preserve life. They were soon able to reach a river near, and to take fish, and from that they proceeded to shoot birds and animals. In this way they recovered their strength. The two vessels lay in a seaworthy state, but crewless and untenanted. On seeing the ships, which were a few months before well appointed and exulting in anticipated success, and observing the number to which their crews were reduced, what must have been their sensations! They nevertheless took resolution from despair. They made the smaller vessel ready for sea, taking what stores they had a necessity for, from the larger, and a crew of three hands embarked in a ship to navigate her in a perilous voyage, which had sailed from home with a complement of sixteen. They succeeded in repassing Hudson's Straits, enduring dreadful hardships. Their passage was stormy. Day and night they were necessitated to labour until the vessel was almost wholly abandoned to her own course. Nevertheless they succeeded in making a port in Norway, on the 25th of September. The sufferings of Munk and his crews have perhaps never been equalled in the fearful catalogue of calamity, which the annals of the early northern navigation present to the pitying reader. No fiction has ever painted a scene so horrible as the gradual death of forty-nine persons in such a situation, before the eyes of three survivors, whose constitutional strength kept them alive, the witnesses of misery, to the sight of which death must have been far preferable. The escape of the survivors and subsequent navigation to Europe, amid ice and storms, is one of the most extraordinary circumstances on record.

Upon reaching Denmark, the whole nation viewed them as men who had risen from the tomb. The sympathy displayed towards them by their countrymen was universal, and must have poured balm into their minds, and repaid them for the hardships they had sustained. A subscription was set on foot for another expedition, arising out of the interest

the narrative of these unfortunate men had created. Everything was ready for sailing. Munk, not dismayed by his past sufferings, offered his services again to command the new ship, and search out the north-west passage. He attended at court to take his leave of Christian IV., and the misfortunes of his former enterprise coming upon the carpet, the king admonished him to be more cautious than he had been on his former voyage, conveying to the brave seaman by implication, that the loss of the lives which had taken place was ascribable to their commander. The soul of the blunt navigator was stung by this unmerited reproof. He was not the courtier who licks the hand that deals the ungenerous blow. Munk made a reply such as the ear of royalty was not accustomed to hear from the sycophants that generally address it. The king, possessing no sense of the dignity and decency which become a crowned head, struck the inferior, who could not return the blow. The grossness of the indignity pierced Munk to the heart. He who had spirit enough not to bear an insult in words, even from a monarch, who had borne hardships beyond parallel in his profession, could not survive the disgrace of a blow from a quarter where non-resentment was an act of duty, and the aspersions remained on the ungenerous hand that dealt, rather than on him who received it. Munk in a few days died of a broken heart. There is another statement extant, respecting the end of this navigator, but no authority is given for it, and the present is the account most generally believed to be authentic.

[We need scarcely add our note of commendation to these interesting volumes: hundreds of our readers may remember the intensity with which they enjoyed such narratives as the above in their days of schooldom. We have a recollection of some score of narratives in sixpenny pamphlets, which were nearly as popular as the Arabian Nights, in the circle of our youth. Mr. Redding has pruned and condensed such authorities, with saving of time and addition of interest. His volumes have also the embellishment of some prettily executed vignettes.]

Poets of a Reader.

THE SHOOTING STAR.

(From the *Freshet of Beranger*.)

"SHEPHERD! thou say'st our earthly doom
Obeys some star's mysterious power."
Yes, my fair child: but night's deep gloom
Veils from our eyes the destined hour.
"Shepherd! thou read'st the stars aright,
Hast tracked each planet's wandering way;
Say, what betides yon falling light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away?"
My child, some mortal breathes his last,
His star shoots downward from its sphere;
That being's latest hours were past
Mid' jovial friends and festive cheer:

All reckless sped his summoned sprite
While flushed in evening sleep he lay—
"See! yet another fleeting light
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

My child, how pure, how bright its beam!
There sank a maiden good and fair;
This morn repaid each wishful dream,
Each constant sigh, each hour of care;
This morn her brow with flowers was dight,
She crossed her father's doors to-day—
"See! yet another passing light
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

Just then, a high and mighty lord,
New-born, in gold and purple sleeping,
His infant breath to Heaven restored,
And left a princely mother weeping:
Courtier, and slave, and parasite
Were gathering round their future prey—
"See! yet another meteor light
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

My child, how comet-like it gleam'd!
A royal favourite's star was there,
Who laughed our woes to scorn, and deemed
'Twas pride to mock a realm's despair:
Even now his flatterers hide from sight
The portraits of their God of clay—
"See! yet another wandering light
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

My child, the blessings of the poor
Wing'd heavenward yonder fleeting soul;
Distress but gleams from other's store,
From his she reaped a piteous dole:
From far and near, this very night,
Towards his doors the houseless stray—
"See! yet another falling light
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

That star control'd a monarch's fate!
God! welcome, son, thy lowly dwelling;
And envy not the stars of state
In lustre or in size excelling:
For didst thou shine all coldly bright
In useless grandeur, men would say,
'Tis but a passing meteor-light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!

Foreign Quarterly Review.

HINT FOR A DRAMA.

THE following story has nothing that is very new or very varied, though it would not make a bad piece at the Adelphi, always supposing that Miss Kelly or Mrs. Yates could be got for the heroine. The substance of it is this: An old German, who has experienced misfortunes and griefs in early life, collects together the remains of a shattered fortune, and retires with an only daughter, then a child, to a little villa near Belgirate, where he takes the precaution to become a domiciled subject of Piedmont, lodging in the public archives the certificates of his marriage and of the baptism of his child. He passes his time betwixt the care of his daughter, his orchards and gardens: the young lady retains all the freshness of complexion and a mixture of the enthusiastic and mysterious sentimentalism of her native country; this, however, is a little warmed and improved by the more genial sun of Italy. The father appears occasionally oppressed by some concealed grief, and is soothed by her native songs. When she attains the important age of fifteen, her father is desirous that her manners should receive that polish which is

only to be acquired by intercourse with the upper classes of society. And now comes what has so often happened before:—the girl—educated in the most perfect simplicity and ignorance of life, without having acquired any of that tact which enables women to distinguish the good from the bad, the true from the counterfeit—is taken every winter to Milan, and by the kindness of a Marchesina, their neighbour at the Lake, gets introduced into the best circles. Here she sees a Count G., whose handsome person makes him the fashion, notwithstanding he is a gambler, and strongly suspected of being something worse. He sees Judith, is charmed with the beauty of her fair German complexion, and the naïveté and affectionate singleness of her manners, and makes his proposals: the father, indignant at what he considers the defilement of his daughter, by her being approached by such a lover, rejects him. The Count's love turns to hatred. As spring returns, the father and daughter retire to their villa. The Count, having laid his plans, had preceded them in disguise. Judith, in her walks, pensively ruminating on the events of the winter and the Count, meets her lover. The seduction commences: the matter, however, is easily accomplished by one so eminently skilled; on the one side was consummate villany, on the other nothing but confidence, ignorance, and innocence. She determines to confide her hopes and griefs to her father, who, instantly on hearing her name the Count, stops her harshly. At once he becomes in her mind a tyrant instead of a father,—the Count prevails, and Judith flies with him, under the idea that she is going to her wedding. With her she takes a casket, containing her mother's jewels and some papers which she had been told related to herself. She leaves a letter for her father, who, discovering that she had carried away the casket with the letters, exclaims in the presence of a friend that she had utterly ruined them both: the friend pursues, the fugitives are arrested, the papers examined, it is discovered that the daughter is illegitimate, and that a forged certificate of marriage has been deposited by the old German, in order to establish the status of his beloved daughter. He is imprisoned, tried, and convicted of falsifying a public document, and condemned to death; but, in consequence of the extenuating circumstances of the case, gets off with twenty years of *carcere duro*, and dies broken-hearted at the end of the first two months: the daughter dies in a madhouse at Turin. The Count, who had not falsified a public document, escapes with a year or two's imprisonment, and, being let loose again on the public, becomes a brigand, and finishes his career in 1826 by being hung for robbing the mail.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

The Gatherer.

Derivations.—The title *lord* is a contraction of the Anglo-Saxon *hluford*, afterwards written *loverd*, and lastly *lord*, from *hlaf*, bread, (hence our word "loaf,") and *ford*, to supply, or give it;—the word, therefore, implies, *the giver of bread*. Upon *tick*, which phrase means to go upon credit, may be explained. The word *tick* is a diminutive of *ticket*, a check. Decker, in his *Gull's Horn-book*, 1609, speaking of the gallants who preferred to go by water to the playhouse at Bankside, says—"No matter, upon landing, whether you have money or no; you may swim in twenty of their boats over the river upon *tickets*." An ingenious etymologist derives "bothered" from "both eared"—that is, stunned at both ears. "Breeches," he contends, is deduced from "bear riches;" and "valets" to servants, from the Latin "vale," as being the farewell given at parting. "To scamper" is clearly derived from the Italian, "Scampare." The opprobrious title of "bum bailiffe" bestowed on the sheriff's officers, is, according to Blackstone, only the corruption of "bound bailiffe," every sheriff's officer being obliged to enter into bonds and to give security for his good behaviour previous to his appointment. W. G. C.

I. and U.—Dr. Hill published, in a pamphlet, a petition from the letters *I* and *U*, to David Garrick, both complaining of terrible grievances imposed upon them by that great actor, who frequently banished them from their proper stations: as in the word *virtue*, which, they said, he converted into *virtue*; and in the word *ungrateful* he displaced the *u*, and made it *ingrateful*, to the great prejudice of the said letters. To this complaint, Garrick replied in the following epigram:

"If it is, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the better:
May the right use of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fix'd by the tongue and the pen.
Most devoutly I wish they may both have their due,
And that I may be never mistaken for U."

FERNANDO.

Remarkable Stone.—The Mnemosyme, a Finland newspaper, mentions a stone in the northern part of Finland, which serves the inhabitants instead of a barometer. The inhabitants call it *Ilmakiuru*. It turns black, or blackish grey, when rain is about to fall; but on the approach of fine weather, it is covered with white spots. Probably it is one of its constituent parts being attracted to the surface, by the greater or less degree of the dampness of the atmosphere, causes the spots to vary according to the temperature.

To a Lady, with a pair of Gloves.

FAIREST, to thee I send these gloves;
If you love me, leave out the *g*.
And make a pair of loves.

(In the Pepysian Library at Cambridge).—*Literary Gazette*.

Doncaster.—On more accounts than one, our turf proceedings must make foreigners marvel. Some years since, a French gentleman visited Doncaster, and gave it the appellation of "the guinea meeting,"—nothing without the guinea. "There was," said he, "the guinea for entering the rooms to hear the people bet. There was the guinea for my dinner at the hotel. There was the guinea for the stand, for myself; and (Oh! execrable!) the guinea for the stand for my carriage. There was the guinea for my servant's bed, and (Ah! mon Dieu!) *ten* guineas for my own, for only two nights!" Now, we cannot picture to ourselves Monsieur at Doncaster a second time; but if his passion for the race should get the better of his prudence, we only trust he will not be so infamously robbed again. Indeed, he may assure himself of this, for Doncaster will never be what it has been; nor is it fitting it should be. Neither do we consider it a recommendation to state the amount of the money run for at the last meeting,—viz. 13,918*l.*—*Quarterly Review*.

Wire-drawing.—Queen Elizabeth formed a corporation, to which she granted various exclusive privileges, for the purpose of encouraging the art of mining in England. She also invited many foreigners into England, offering them free permission to dig for metallic ores. Among these foreigners was Christopher Schultz, a native of Annaberg, in Saxony, who was particularly skilled in finding calamine, and in making brass. He introduced the method of drawing iron-wire, by means of engines, which, before the seventh year of Elizabeth's reign, had been drawn by the strength of men, in the forest of Dean. This wire was principally used in making bird-cages, and cards for combing wool.

An Alderman a Foot Soldier.—In the latter part of the year 1544, the King, (says Brayley,) demanded a *Benevolence* from all his subjects, to defray the charges of his wars with France and Scotland. He had now become so completely despotic, that few dared to object; yet one person, an Alderman of London, named Richard Read, had the courage positively to refuse to pay the sum demanded from him by the king's commissioners, who met at Baynard's Castle, in January, 1545, to receive the city contributions. For this offence, Henry forced him to serve as a foot soldier with the army in Scotland, where he was made prisoner; and after suffering great hardships, was obliged to purchase his liberty by a considerable ransom."—See Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry VIII.* P. T. W.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. O. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Frankfurt; and by all News-men and Booksellers.